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No. 160 Vol. IV.

# CITY

# JACKDAW

ONE PENNY.  
Dec. 6, 1878.




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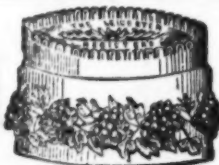
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4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

DECEMBER 6, 1878.

THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required. The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VIGGARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

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Is a concentrated Mouth Wash, 10 to 20 drops of which, with half a wine glassful of water, used daily, constitutes a most efficacious means for preserving the Teeth from decay—for arresting decay where it has commenced—for purifying the Breath, and for producing in the Mouth a sense of wholesome freshness. Used habitually, CONTRA-SEPTINE is a sure preventative of Neuralgia and Toothache, and as such should be employed both by old and young. In short, CONTRA-SEPTINE is at once a luxury and a necessity to the completely furnished Toilet Table.

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New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street,  
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Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

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## SELECT TESTIMONIALS.

Rev. Dr. Holden, D.D., Durham, writes:—

"I continue to use Contra-Septine with great satisfaction. . . . It is the most efficient and agreeable wash that I have ever used."

"Dr. —, Edinburgh, with compliments to the proprietors of Contra-Septine, has tried and recommended to others the use of the Contra-Septine. The proprietors, however, must excuse him not allowing his name to be used in reference to it on advertisements, &c."

An Eminent Dentist, under date October 28, 1877, writes:—

"I have used Contra-Septine several times, and find it a very efficacious preparation, a powerful astringent, and well calculated to induce a healthy action of the gums, especially when disturbance is caused by decayed or diseased teeth."

W. Bowman Macleod, Edinburgh, writes:—

"Before receiving your sample, I had directed my attention to your Contra-Septine, and had formed a decidedly favourable opinion of it. It is the most agreeable carbolic preparation I know, and a thoroughly good dentifrice. It is of special use where artificial teeth are worn above natural roots, and also as a Mouth Wash for children who suffer from alveolar abscesses—popularly known as gum-boils."

Mr. Boe, Dentist, Blissett Street, Newcastle, says:—

"Contra-Septine has proved the most effectual Mouth Wash I have ever myself used or prescribed to my patients."

"He who pays no attention to his Teeth, by this single neglect betrays vulgar sentiments."—Lavater.



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Is a concentrated Mouth Wash, 10 to 20 drops of which, with half a wine glassful of water, used daily, constitutes a most efficacious means for preserving the Teeth from decay—for arresting decay where it has commenced—for purifying the Breath, and for producing in the Mouth a sense of wholesome freshness. Used habitually, CONTRA-SEPTINE is a sure preventative of Neuralgia and Toothache, and as such should be employed both by old and young. In short, CONTRA-SEPTINE is at once a luxury and a necessity to the completely furnished Toilet Table.

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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 160.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## A MUSICAL IMPOSTURE.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

**D**URING a recent tour in France, I found myself one day at a hotel in St. Malo seated at dinner with three Englishmen and their wives. In the course of conversation they told me that they had only come over from Jersey for a few days, and wanted to make the best of their time.

After dinner I went out, and returned about nine o'clock. My six English people were all sitting in the vast dining-room, and moping themselves to death. Perhaps they thought they were making the best of their time. In one respect they were. They were drinking brandy, which, at this hotel, is particularly good, and helps one to pass a few hours very agreeably.

It appeared that for half an hour before my entry the company had been vainly entreating one of the ladies to play something on a piano which stood in the room. Anxious to make things pleasant if possible—for it was raining at the time, and I could not go out again—I joined my entreaties to those of the rest, until the lady—who might have numbered thirty-five summers—blushingly consented to display her talents for the benefit of the company.

But now a new difficulty arose. There was no music in the room, and, as we found on inquiry from the *garçon*, none in the house. However, as Mrs. ———'s courage still remained at the sticking point, she volunteered to play a set of valse from memory.

I forget the name of the valse, but they were easy and commonplace enough. It was perfectly evident that the performer knew every note of them as well as her alphabet, and that she had probably played them about a thousand times before. It was also painfully evident that she could not play two consecutive bars correctly, and that she had about as much idea of music as Mr. Whistler believes the Attorney-General to have of painting. Anything more vile I never heard in my life.

Nevertheless, when Mrs. ——— had finished, the applause was very cordial, and she resumed her seat with the air of a person who had performed a most remarkable feat.

Well, thought I, certainly I can do a little better than that, so, without waiting to be asked, I took my seat at the piano.

I should explain that my knowledge of music is of a rather elementary kind. I can play single notes slowly with anybody, but the chords are generally too much for me. When I am practising chords the neighbours say the effect is dreadful, but I have reason to believe that this is merely the opinion of people who do not understand harmony. One of my accomplishments consists in a great facility for "vamping"—"extemporising" they call it when a professional musician is the "vamp." If I start in an easy key I can always extemporise for half an hour at least, putting in the bass by alternately striking—if, for instance, I am playing in C—the notes C, E, G, and C; then E, G, C, and C, then G, C, E, C, and so on, together with such other notes as my fingers may accidentally strike in their peregrinations over the keyboard. My executive powers, as I have said, are not brilliant, but in extemporising I introduce *vivacissimo* passages by sweeping my thumb-nails up and down the keys with great velocity. This is an admirable method of overcoming the technical difficulties which are put in by composers to aggravate the soul of the novice. There is a vast amount of music to be got out of the thumb-nails if they are properly worked. The great thing is to stop at the right time. For instance, if you are performing in C, and think that, having played minims and semibreves for several minutes, it is time to vary the monotony by doing a few demisemiquavers, all you have to do is to put your thumb-nail on the C in the seventh octave of the pianoforte keyboard and then draw it like lightning over the keys down to the C in the fourth octave. Of course,

with this method, it is not always possible spontaneously to arrest the headlong career of your thumb just at the proper note, and a good device, therefore, is to press down with the left hand several notes below the fourth octave C, so that the thumb will find no more notes to strike if it should rush past its proper destination. Let me add, that the talent for "vamping," of which I have spoken, denotes, in my opinion, that I am the possessor of great musical genius. If circumstances had not ordered affairs otherwise, there is little doubt but that I should have been an eminent musical composer. I mentioned this to a very celebrated musician once, and he smiled a sickly smile—inspired, of course, by jealousy.

But to come back to my sheep, or my English people, which is the same thing—they certainly were very much delighted when I went to the piano, and they were more delighted still when I sang them "Tom Bowling" and the "Vicar of Bray" in a very loud voice. Then I played the melody of the "Sweethearts' Waltz," and they were lost in admiration, and afterwards, when I began "Home, sweet Home," with variations, they were quite overcome. Unfortunately, I broke down most utterly in the fourth bar of the second variation, and came to a dead stop.

"You must really excuse me," said I, turning to the company with a considerable amount of *sang froid*, "it is extremely difficult for me to play without music! In fact, I make it a rule never to learn music by rote, as I think the practice tends to destroy one's delicacy of perception."

This was the commencement of an imposture, for I was most devoutly thankful that there was no music in the house.

"Oh, pray go on," they all said, "it is really delightful," and they turned to one another, and whispered loud enough for me to hear—"Fine player," "Splendid musician," "Who can he be?"

Thus encouraged I proceeded, launching into all sorts of popular melodies, and bungling them in a fearful way. Whenever I broke down it was always owing to the want of music, and with many "Ah's," "Hem's," "Ya-a's," &c., I gave the company to understand that if there had been any music they would have heard something very fine indeed. Whereby they were fully convinced that if I was not Rubinstein I must be Von Bülow.

So we had been going on for half an hour when, to my horror, in came the *garçon* with three bound volumes of the *Paris Journal Illustré*, which frequently gives its subscribers a page or two of music instead of letter-press. This officious menial, it appeared, had been looking about the house for music ever since Mrs. ——— sat down to the piano, and had just then remembered that there was some in the *Journal*. So there was. Enough to have kept me practising till Doomsday. I mentally devoted that waiter to the sufferings of the eternal shades.

"Now we shall hear something," said the audience. "Oh, do play a little more for us," they added, as I hastily rose to evacuate the premises; "we shall be so much obliged if you would." I might have resisted this entreaty, and was about to do so, when—

"Will you take a little rum and aniseed with me?" said one of the male members of the company. This entreaty I could not resist. Come what would I resolved to stop.

But if I did stop it seemed evident that I must be impaled on one of the two horns of the dilemma which presented itself. Of course they would insist on my playing, and it would seem very ungracious to refuse. But if I did attempt to play from the music, it was an absolute certainty that I should immediately break down in a hopeless manner. On the other hand, if I confessed my inability to interpret the music, I should stand self proclaimed an imposter.

At last elderly Nicholas, who rarely deserts his children except in the last extremity, came to my assistance and showed me the way out of the difficulty.

**BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES**

(Manufactured by Levenahulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

"Well," said I to the company, "I shall be happy to oblige you once more, but after that you really must excuse me, because of an appointment which must be kept."

So I took one of the books and sat down to the piano, while my audience, who were luckily seated at the other end of the room, prepared to listen with all their might.

After negligently turning over the leaves with a graceful *abandon* which is always affected by the musical *artiste*, and pretending to read with great critical acumen various pieces which turned up, I came to a piece with a German name which I could not understand. Having, therefore, before me music of which I could not even read the title, much less the notes, it occurred to me that I might very appropriately begin.

I did begin, and for twenty minutes, by the clock, I kept it up. Never, sure, was such "vamping" heard in the world before. The most extraordinary melodies came from the tortured entrails of the piano; my thumb nails rushed up and down the keyboard in a truly frantic manner; one bar would be in common tune, and the next in twelve-eight; every now and then I would give a smash with my closed fist at the lowest bass notes, and thus produce a thundering noise, and, altogether, I do believe that never since pianos were invented did such a devil of a row proceed from one of those instruments.

At the end of the twenty minutes I concluded, and wiped my manly brow in the most approved manner. The audience were in ecstasies.

"May I ask you the name of that charming fantasia, or whatever it is?" said one of the ladies, sweetly. She did not observe Ancient Henry at my elbow, nor did any of them hear him whisper.

"Well, madam," I replied, "that is one of the most remarkable pieces of music ever written; the production of a mighty musical genius. You have heard of Beethoven's 'Moonlight' Sonata?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

"That is the 'Moonlight' Sonata," I replied.

"Oh, I really am so much obliged to you," rejoined the lady; "do you know that I have always had the very greatest wish to hear the sonata, and, indeed, some years ago, when Madame Arabella Goddard came to Jersey and played it, only main force kept me in the house, though I was almost too ill to stand. Really, I am so much obliged to you for playing it."

"Yes, indeed," they all chimed in, "we are extremely obliged to you for your kindness. We've spent a very pleasant evening."

I began to feel uncomfortable, and was just then seized with a deadly fear lest some of the company should be able to speak German and go and look at the title. So I gave the waiter the book to take away at once, which, to my relief, he did without attracting attention. Then I bowed myself out amidst a chorus of "Thank you so much," "So much obliged," and other appreciative remarks.

There is no doubt that this was about as rank a piece of imposture—albeit quite a harmless and even beneficent one—as was ever perpetrated. And still I don't feel much shame. Everybody, more or less, is an imposter now-a-days, and the greatest of all governs this nation.

My people were, at any rate, pleased, and they are not likely to find out that they had been imposed upon. If they had heard the veritable "Moonlight" Sonata a day or two afterwards it might, and probably would, have struck them that there was a slight difference between that and my performance. They are, however, almost certain to have no opportunity of hearing it, at least, during the winter, and whenever they do they will recollect nothing of my music, except that it was very fine. There is not the least doubt that if these same people were to hear Charles Hallé play the sonata to-morrow, they would not only say they had heard it before, but also heard it played infinitely better.

#### HARPURHEY REDIVIVUS.

"PRAY, let us start fair,"  
Said our affable Mayor—  
"On one side we've the word  
Of one Mister Ford,  
And we've opposite bawlings  
From one Mister Hollins—  
And black cannot be white,  
So they both can't be right."  
"Deceive us all, they would,"  
Said Alderman Heywood,  
"Who have, like Mister Ford,  
The ratepayers ignored:  
That versatile talker,  
Late Councillor Walker,

Once tried the same game,  
But the tale was too lame:  
So give it the City  
Parliament'ry Committee."

"Your trouble pray save,"  
Said Alderman Grave,  
"Tis too late for the bill,  
So would only be nil."

"All reason you mar would,"  
Said Councillor Harwood,  
"This amalgamation  
(Which means annexation)  
Would give us a clear  
Scientific frontier,  
So I think we had better  
Consider Ford's letter."

"The man who did pen it,"  
Said Alderman Bennett,  
"Only did half his work,  
Why the rest should he shirk?  
If we've Harpurhey brothers,  
Why have we not others,  
In Bradford and Newton,  
To raise a dispute on?"

"Your feelings pray sooth,"  
Said Councillor Booth,  
"We're not satisfied yet,  
Let's have all we can get."

"My brains you quite bother'n,"  
Said Councillor Southern,  
"With this foolish debate—  
Why should we hesitate  
If the ratepayers say—  
'Please annex Harpurhey'?"

"Your arguments lurch,"  
Said Councillor Birch,  
"I should hold it no sin  
To take Harpurhey in,  
If I knew they desired it,  
Or thought they required it."

"Very likely t'would do hurt,"  
Said Councillor Stewart,  
"If we happened to vex  
The friends we'd annex,  
And did not first find  
Them all in a mind."

"Oh, they often come down,"  
Said Councillor Brown,  
"To me for advice  
(For they're not over-nice)."

"It's 'gammon' entirely,"  
Said Councillor Brierley,  
"And a dodge very neat  
For finding a seat  
In the Council, for some  
Who are better at home."

"I believe, in the main,"  
Said Councillor Payne,  
"That, were Manchester bigger,  
It would much better figure."

"Is this subject now worth,"  
Said Councillor Howarth,  
"Considering at all,  
If they cannot call  
A ratepayers' meeting  
(For this looks like cheating)?"

"You're right—I aver 'tis,"  
Said Alderman Curtis,  
"Base cheating indeed,  
And attempt to mislead."  
Then the argument stopped,  
The subject was dropped,  
And Harpurhey sent  
Into prompt banishment—  
(To "committee" referred)  
And no more will be heard,  
Except with a laugh,  
And a small bit of "chaff,"  
Of this puerile attempt  
To bring into contempt  
The Council's sagacity  
By silly mendacity.

#### DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.

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## ARDWICK ROWDIES AND ROUGHS.

**J**INGOISM is growing more and more rampant in Manchester. On Monday night a peace meeting in Ardwick Town Hall was completely broken up. The *Examiner* gives the following brief account of the affair:—"Last night a Liberal meeting was held in the Ardwick Town Hall, under the presidency of Mr. T. A. Bazley, to consider the Tory policy and protest against the war with Afghanistan. Before the meeting commenced the room was packed with a large number of Tories, who effectually stopped the proceedings by singing Rule Britannia and other airs. The Rev. J. Nunn, who was present with other Conservatives on the platform, vainly endeavoured to secure a hearing for the speakers, and the chairman was at last obliged to dissolve the meeting, owing to the persistent uproar kept up by the roughs in the room." Here are other accounts of what occurred:—

The meeting was advertised for eight o'clock, but long before that hour the hall was crowded. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and it was evident that the purposed attack upon the Government would meet with its entire condemnation. The supporters of the Government in the ward had resolved that the question should be fully debated, if there was any possibility of their obtaining a hearing; and as the Radical party had already secured the services of two rev. gentlemen, they also invited the Rev. R. Butler, M.A. (St. Silas'), and the Rev. J. Nunn, M.A. (St. Thomas'), to meet them. The Rev. J. Nunn appeared on the platform, but, unfortunately, the Rev. R. Butler was prevented by illness. Other gentlemen were also ready to reply to the statements of the conveners of the meeting.

The reader will scarcely believe us when we state that both these extracts are taken from the *Courier's* report. In the one, we are told that the supporters of the Government in the ward had resolved that the question should be fully debated; in the other, we are informed that they effectually defeated every attempt which the chairman and others made to speak. One need have no difficulty in believing that these Ardwick rowdies and roughs had resolved to prevent the question being "fully debated." They are a well-known lot, and to have looked for anything better at their hands would have displayed ignorance of their real character. Of course, we don't so much blame the poor ignorant creatures themselves; for they have long been trained and taught to do just as their leaders tell them for a pipe of tobacco or a glass of beer.

## THE EXHIBITION CRYPT.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

**I**N a few gloomy rooms in Mosley Street there are on exhibition about a thousand pictures and a few statues. The cellar-like condition of the rooms is a misfortune for the exhibitors, for, except in the best places in the four principal rooms, it is quite impossible, in the ordinary light of a Manchester day, to be charmed with the beauties or disgusted with the defects of the exhibits. In the normal condition of the rooms the visitor is reminded of the gloomy realms of Pluto. For good pictures this is a misfortune, and for bad ones—why, it must be the dimness of the light which has secured for them a place in the temple. It is somewhat difficult for an ordinary mind to conceive the principles which guide the conductors of the institution in the admission of pictures and in the admission of the public. On the inside of the cover of the catalogue appears a notice to artists:—"The Selection and Hanging Committee have to regret that, through the unavoidable limitation of the Wall space at their disposal, they have been again unable to hang a large number of meritorious pictures and drawings sent by various contributors." The foregoing extract has appeared frequently. But it is very funny, with this in mind, to look through the collection and inspect the merits of a

large number of the selected and hung pictures. Keeping out of sight for a moment the few works which may claim notice as real evidences of artistic powers, a large residuum is left of sketches, flower pieces, and so on, which are really not fit for exhibition in the windows of a second-hand furniture shop. Now, one would have thought a committee desiring to place before the Manchester artistic public works of art calculated to cultivate their taste, would have selected as few of this class of exhibits as possible from one artist; and if they condescended to allow an artist to show one of these pot-boilers, that the limit should be drawn there. But we do not work that way, so we have repetitions of sketches and flowers, &c., valued by the artists themselves (including the gilt frames), at from £2 to £10 each, as many in some cases as three or four times. And, funnier still, you have in several cases a fair picture exhibited by an artist, and a sketch or a study, or something of the kind, so evidently the sweeping of the studio as to make the idea of any selection a perfect piece of absurdity. What hope can there be when the committee get more wall space that this will be mended? One would have thought that a committee selecting for a limited area of space would have exercised an eclectic faculty, and we may be sure if that faculty is not exercised under present conditions, it will not be when the pressure is less. So much for the pictures. Now, what about the public? If all, or the majority of the pictures were of the highest class, the exhibition is kept as a closed preserve for the favoured few. It is now the beginning of December, and there are now but a few hours of daylight and the price is maintained at the full rate. The affair appears to be managed in a lofty secretive manner, as if nobody wanted to see pictures, or if they did see them could understand them unless they paid a shilling, or had a season ticket and could spend those hours for relaxation which most of us have to spend at business. There is a total lack of sympathy with the class who have education and with the smaller class of half educated and badly paid people, who, if inducement was given them, and it was placed within their reach after business is over, and at a price to suit them, would fill the now desert-like rooms with a throng of admiring seers on a high way to a fine and delicate appreciation of the beautiful, such as might be selected for them by a sympathetic and able committee.

## HOW TO KNOW IF A MAN'S DEAD.

**E**VERYBODY cannot be expected to know when a man is really dead; but—thanks to a coroner and his jury!—everybody may now possess that valuable knowledge. At an inquest at Leigh, near Southend, the other day, a doubt was raised by the jury as to whether the subject of the inquiry was really dead, and a brief adjournment had to be made for a post-mortem examination. The deceased was James Wm. Osborne, fifty-eight, fisherman. He was shrimping on board a smack in the Thames, off Grays, when he appeared to become giddy, and fell down twice, the first time into the hold of the vessel. After the second fall he did not move again, and two or three surgeons who saw him declared him to be dead. His usual medical attendant, Mr. Jones, of Leigh, gave evidence at the inquest. The foreman of the jury, Mr. W. Forster, said that he and other members of the jury were not at all certain that Osborne was dead, and they thought Mr. Jones had better ascertain definitely. The coroner remarked that he was ready to guarantee that the man was dead. The foreman said that Osborne certainly looked as life-like as ever. He had seen brothers of Osborne remain in a state of torpor, and appear to be dead, for hours together. He wished to know whether it was not possible for a man to seem as if he were dead, when in reality only in a fit or trance? The coroner said it was possible a man might lie in such a state for months. Mr. Jones went and examined the body, and, on returning into the room, said that as far as he could see life was extinct. There was but one other way of proving that the man was dead, and that was by a post-mortem examination. The foreman and other members of the jury said that they would like to be certain. The inquest was then adjourned for an hour, and in the meantime Mr. Jones made a post-mortem examination. He stated, as the result, that he found the man to be quite dead, and the probable cause of death was congestion and inflammation of the brain. A verdict was returned in accordance with this evidence.—Just so! The poor fellow was not likely to live after being cut to pieces by the doctor.

It doesn't matter how watchful and vigilant a girl is, if a rude fellow kisses her, it is ten to one he will do it right under her nose.

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#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT the Queen's speech, yesterday, was short, but not sweet.

That the Government are blundering so frequently and so grievously now that they will soon get notice to quit.

That a Liberal Administration will yet have to settle their Afghan Bill.

That, now that Parliament has met, the voice of "sense and truth" will once more be heard throughout the land.

That no more shall we be doomed to listen to "the hair-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity."

That the Tory journals have fallen out amongst themselves.

That the *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of the *Times* as "our most misleading and exceedingly stupid contemporary."

That it further asserts that the *Times* "represents all that is dull, and dense, and common-place in the British character."

That the St. Andrew's dinner of the Caledonian Association was a great success.

That how could it be otherwise when Mr. Charley, M.P., and Mr. J. E. Middlehurst were amongst the orators on the occasion?

That Mr. Hardcastle, M.P., says that Mr. Charley, M.P., has lost all his old liveliness.

That, according to Mr. H., Mr. C. has become as sober as a Judge.

That this is quite a mistake.

That Mr. Charley is every inch himself.

That the *Echo* spoke of him as unfit to be a Judge.

That Mr. Charley asserts that his traducer in the columns of the *Echo* was none other than Mr. Councillor W. H. Bailey.

That he says Mr. Bailey "always flavours his rhetorical chops with tomato sauce."

That he further declares that the *Echo* is "edited by a set of snobs."

That, you see, the hon. member for Salford is still in his old form.

That our local Tories are a queer set.

That they wont open Peel Park Museum and similar places on Sundays.

That, for all that, they are strongly in favour of keeping public-houses open on Sundays.

That their Club over the shops in Cross Street is also open on the First Day of the Week.

That they don't object to drink whisky, smoke cigars, and read newspapers on that day.

That the Liberals don't open their Clubs on Sundays.

That our Manchester and Salford Conservatives are troubled with very tender consciences!

That the demonstration on the part of the Ardwick roughs on Monday evening was an immense success.

That, after ousting the Liberals and singing the praises of Dizzy, they proceeded to the public-houses to get their reward.

That the ale flowed pretty freely.

That it did not flow freely enough, however, to quench the thirst of all the Jingoos.

That several of the number could not obtain a single drop to cool their parched tongues.

That they were loud in condemning the ingratitude and the meanness of those who had hired them.

That they said "it was a — queer thing that some men could stuff themselves while they who did the work were denied e'en a poor gill."

That Blatherwick will have to manage his lambs better the next time or they will turn out on strike.

#### PITY A POOR COUNCILLOR!

**T**HOUGH rather late in the day, it must still be done if only for the guidance of future historians. We have already mentioned the fact that Mr. Councillor J. E. Middlehurst made a desperate endeavour to distinguish himself by addressing his constituents a few nights past; but—base ingratitude!—of constituents and audience he had next to none. We say the circumstance has been referred to by us already, but, unfortunately, too briefly to answer the purpose of future historians. The *Salford Weekly News* alludes to the remarkable incident in this racy style: "Hitherto it has been customary for our neighbours on the other side of the Irwell to inaugurate the Pantomime Season in this locality; but this year, thanks to that buskined genius, Councillor J. E. Middlehurst, the honour has fallen to Salford, if it be an honour to be first in the field of fun and frolic. That the resources of the Royal and Prince's theatres are great in the production of spectacular pantomime the people of Lancashire, Cheshire, and a large portion of Yorkshire, are well aware; but we greatly doubt whether even Councillor Middlehurst's most intimate friends, until the other night, believed that he was equal to getting up a "penny gaff," to say nothing of the grand entertainment which he gave to nobody in one of the rooms of the New Jerusalem Church Schools in Islington Street. For the benefit of those who don't know the fact, we may mention that the gentleman mentioned is one of three representatives of the Islington Ward in the Council Chamber. And being eminently proud of the position which he holds by favour of, in some respects, one of the most benighted municipal districts he could have found in the entire borough, he has annually, since his election two years ago, given as many of his unwashed supporters as he could gather around him an account of his stewardship. To see a real live Town Councillor, by gaslight, such as is the stalwart Middlehurst, with his henchmen around him, was a thing which had seldom happened to the Islingtonians. Hence, last year, a sufficient number of them were induced to leave their own miserable firesides and go to hear the redoubtable champion of their wrongs relate what he had done towards redressing them, and what he meant to do in the future to that desirable end. What they thought of his yvork in the past and his promises for the future we never heard, but, judging from the treatment he has this year and this week received at their hands, we should think they thought nothing of either; for this year, although for days before he had placarded the ward asking the constituency to come and hear what he had to say to them, his many admirers consisted of not more than about half a score of persons, four of whom were reporters; Alderman Brown, who was to have taken the chair, Mr. Middlehurst, and three or four friends who accompanied him, making up the remainder. How chop-fallen poor Mr. Middlehurst looked when he entered the room and saw nothing but the four reporters and the four walls which surrounded them, our representative, unfortunately for us and for our readers, has neglected to describe. But perhaps it was not necessary. Those who know him can well imagine how he would look: pale, surprised, and downcast. Instead of his being received with the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet, he was only greeted with the echo of his own footsteps and those of his friends who accompanied him! And if that was not sufficient to upset a man who is said to be a Mayor-expectant, we don't know what is. Poor Councillor Middlehurst! How will his constituents deal with him next November, we wonder, while they have been so cruel to him this?" And this is greatness! And still will man the tempter follow!!

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## THE SALFORD MEMBERS.

THE annual comedy which bears the title of "Addresses of the Salford members to their constituents," and to which we all look forward as certain to afford us occasion for hearty laughter, was, I regret to say, by no means so entertaining this year as it usually is. Whether it was because, as Mr. Thomas Hornby Birley very indiscreetly put it, the Salford Tories think they "perhaps" may win at the next election—a phrase which implies considerable doubt on Mr. Birley's part at any rate—and find that this "perhaps" exercises a damping effect on their spirits, or whether they felt overweighed with the obligation of having to tell ten lies to back up each lie told by the Government, or whatever else may have been the cause, it is very certain that the proceedings were by no means characterised by their usual animation as far as the speakers were concerned. The audience too, though noisy enough, did not emit cheers with any spontaneity, but had to be led by the bullies and blackguards who manage these and other little matters for the Tory party. In other years the proceedings have been marked by what I may call ornamental or picturesque idiocy; last Monday the idiocy was simple, unadorned, and unrelieved by the slightest glimmering of sense. The performers were the same—Mr. Charley with his girlish giggle; Mr. Walker with the perpetual grin, which even more surely than the loud laugh denotes the vacant mind; "Holy Ned" Hardcastle, with the fat smile which always irresistibly reminds me of the Rev. Mr. Chadband; poor old Mr. T. H. Birley, the very archetype of amiable common-place; Mr. Alderman Husband, the man who lives in a chronic state of opposition to everything, and who deeply regrets that he was not consulted at the Creation; and the Browns, Smiths, Joneses, and Robinsons of the rank and file—all the same performers, but a different performance. The simple fact is, that whereas formerly there was time enough between events for these gentlemen to learn from the newspapers and the Government what they ought to say about them, now events move so rapidly that a Tory is left to rely almost entirely on his own imagination for his political lies. Some of them do pull through well enough, but our Salford friends, having no imagination whatever, make a dreadful mess of it. As for Mr. Charley, he is rapidly becoming reduced to one predominant, and, indeed, sole idea. The only fact which he now seems able to thoroughly understand and believe is that he is the Common-Serjeant of the City of London. "Behold, I am the Common-Serjeant;" "The office of Common-Serjeant is a dignified office, and I am the Common-Serjeant;" "The Common-Serjeant is one of the most important officials of the Corporation, and I am the Common-Serjeant;" and so on through the whole gamut of self-laudation, and congratulation. Last Monday, Mr. Charley was kind enough to enlarge a little upon this interesting theme. He was now Common-Serjeant, he said, and therefore had more time at his disposal; he was relieved from the anxieties of a professional life, and so would be able to bring the full power of his gigantic intellect to bear on questions affecting Salford, India, Chowbent, Russia, and other localities; and last, but not least, he has got a good position, and, by Jingo, he intends to stick to it. That, I say, was the only clear and definite idea which Mr. Charley emitted during his speech of two and a half columns. All the rest was a mere waste of flatulent nonsense, without even a stray fire-fly to brighten up its dreary stupidity. Even Mr. Hardcastle seems to have felt this, for he was cruel enough afterwards to observe that Mr. Charley's speeches had certainly lost their old sparkle lately, though it appeared to him that what was wanting in brilliancy was made up in judicial gravity. Whereat the mob laughed, as well they might. Most of them would, no doubt, have read the account published by the *Echo*, and reproduced in the *Salford News* of last Saturday, concerning Mr. Charley's performances as a judge, how he sniggers and giggles, and interposes with silly observations, and gets laughed at, and is led by the nose by the counsel. If they had read these extracts their own observation would have forced them to believe they were true, and if they hadn't, the same power of observation—small as it is—would have led them to suspect it. Nevertheless, Mr. Charley, as the member for South-east Lancashire said, did show an unusual amount of gravity on Monday, and I believe he wishes it to be understood that he has given up playing the buffoon—off the Bench.

Of course, considering Mr. Charley only as a man, one can very well sympathise with him in his self-congratulations on the success which, thanks to his book of testimonials and assiduous, if not very dignified, canvassing of the greengrocers, tailors, and cat's meat men who compose the Court of Common Council of London, he has attained. It is impossible to help a feeling of pleasure when we are informed that Mr. Charley

is now relieved from the anxieties of a professional career, though at the same time the phrase bears a different interpretation from that which he intended. He meant, of course, to convey the idea that he was no longer tormented by pressure of work, such as overwhelmed him during his barristerial career; but really, in my capacity of candid friend, I am bound to admit that want of work must have had a great deal more to do with Mr. Charley's anxiety than a plethora of it. For the same reason, when he tells us that he has more time now than ever he had, we are led to ask how much time he could possibly have had formerly, if he has more now, seeing that the day is still only twenty-four hours long? We are likely, however, to ask in vain.

Of the rest of the meeting little can be said, except that it was mere drivel. Mr. O. O. Walker tried to be funny by explaining that if so-and-so was a Jingo then he wasn't a Jingo, and if something else was a Jingo then he was a Jingo, and expressing other similarly profound political thoughts, but on the whole, his oration fell very flat, notwithstanding the frantic yells raised by a few of the paid mudrakers near the platform. From Mr. Walker to Mr. Hardcastle is a step from pardonable childishness to aggravating silliness. I can stand Charley and Walker; but not Hardcastle. The obtrusive self-conceit of the man; his pompous bearing; his affected drawl; the political malignity scarcely hidden by a veil of piety; and his absolute incapacity for conceiving the slightest good of an opponent, all make him to me about the most objectionable politician we come across in these parts. How on earth he could ever come to be chosen by any political party to represent them is more than I can understand, except on the assumption that ability to pay election expenses is the chief test of fitness. On no other ground can I imagine Mr. Hardcastle getting chosen as a candidate. In all respects he is a far worse representative than either Mr. Charley or Mr. Walker, and the whole three of them, on Monday night, again proved—as they have done so often before—that they would be more at home as members of Boards of Guardians than as members of Parliament.

## TREASURED MEMORIES.

ONLY a tress of soft brown hair,  
Cut from the brow of the silent dead;  
But oh, what memories haunt my soul,  
As I gaze on each silken thread.

Only some letters, yellow and old,  
Bound with a ribbon of azure hue;  
Penn'd by a hand lying still and cold,  
Telling of love, so deep, so true.

Only the notes of a stirring song,  
Dreamily floating across my brain;  
Old friends and faces round me throng,  
As I list to that hidden strain.

Only the fervent clasp of a hand,  
Only the sound of the parting breath;  
Another frail bark has steered to land,  
O'er the cold dark river of death.

Only a hearse and a funeral train,  
With its sombre trappings of woe;  
Only another saint in Heaven,  
And a broken heart below.

Only a grave in a lonely spot  
Bespeaks his place of rest;  
Only the blue forget-me-not  
Waves o'er his manly breast.

Only fond memory true to the last,  
Never grown dim through a mist of tears;  
Sadly I think of the days that are past,  
In those beautiful vanished years.

## THE BISHOP "AN UNEDITED NEWSPAPER."

IN a paper on "Manchester Journalism," read at the last meeting of the Literary Club by Mr. Henry Franks, Bishop Fraser was described as "a newspaper without an editor." The description was made more epigrammatic by another member, who referred to his lordship as "an unedited newspaper." The *City Jackdaw* imagines that certain journals would be the better of having no editors, provided they were then as interesting and sensible as His Lordship always is.

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## WELL-NIGH MISSED.

MRS. SANDFORD'S drawing-room was cool as a grotto, though the hot July sun was scorching the green lawn, and beating down mercilessly on the broad, white river. It was a pretty little room, tastefully furnished, and refreshing to the eye after the noonday glare. The carpet was of a soft, mossy green, with bunches of lilies over it. The walls were white, with a tinge of gold to relieve the deadness. Green satin couches and fauteuils stood in tempting corners, and here and there were curiously-carved baskets and stands, filled with rare ferns and mosses. White lace curtains draped the windows, which were almost all shaded by venetian blinds, through which the sun struggled with a mellow light. One long, low window stood open, out of which you could step on to the lawn, which sloped down to the river's edge. All around was peaceful; you could not have imagined you were within an hour's sail of busy, bustling Liverpool, only when the branches of the trees waved you got a glimpse down the river, through the forest of masts, to "the great city sounding wide." It was that part of the Mersey, some miles above Liverpool, where it widens and flows lazily between its richly-wooded banks. A number of ships had come up the river, and were lying basking in the sun, their gay flags floating in the breezes, whilst a little steamer wound its way amongst them towards a pier, which jutted out below Mrs. Sandford's garden. All this was reflected in the large mirror, which Lotty Sandford was admiring with flowers. She was seated on the floor before it, in a light muslin dress, with a large heap of flowers in her lap, the one bright spot of colour in the room.

Why do people speak of pretty hands as if all were alike, regardless of their possession by Nature of as distinct individuality as faces? Those round, white, dimpled hands could only be Lotty's. The little taper fingers moving restlessly and waywardly amongst the flowers, twisting so nimbly, and with such a strange persistence, the rebellious roses, spoke of her as plainly as words could speak. She tossed about the poor flowers with a wilful recklessness, lifting them delicately, and then as suddenly discarding them; doing everything with a certain grace; a touch of her fingers seeming to make the colours blend more harmoniously, the delicate wax-like fuchsias and heavy roses, with their long, glossy leaves, fall even more gracefully. Very intent she seemed on her work; for, though she chattered like the continuous ripple of a stream, she never raised her curly little head. The young man to whom she was talking was seated on the ledge of the open window, in the full blaze of the midday sun, listening half absently to his companion's talk, a cloudy, discontented, expression on his usually pleasant face. He had been telling her of a possible material change in his prospects, and he had not met with the rapt interest and sympathy men are accustomed to get from women, and expect as their due. She had jested about it, and then wandered into a digression on balls, parties, &c., and he felt ill-used, hurt, and defrauded.

"Well, but Tom," she said at last, "why go to India, if you are not to be in any way better than at home?"

"You may as well say, why stay?" he said, gloomily. "I may get advancement sooner, and besides, what have I to keep me here?"

"Ah! well, to be sure," she said; "you may like India, some people like a hot climate."

"Do you?" he asked eagerly.

"She bent her head lower, and answered hastily: "I do not know; I don't suppose I should; at least, I do not like this heat, do pull that blind down, the sun is blinding."

He tugged angrily at the cord and broke it, and down rattled the blind, leaving them in still greater shade than before.

"I do hope the weather will be cooler before the 20th; you know that is the day of our archery meeting," she rattled on, "and it is so disagreeable to stand all day in a scorching sun, and makes one not fit to be seen in the evening. It will be a very pretty sight; you must come and see it. Ah! you will be away; what a pity! But you must tell Kate we expect her."

"Thank you," he said, coldly; "but I fear Kate must decline your kind invitation; I hope to persuade her to accompany me."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Lotty; "Kate must not go; it is very foolish of girls to go so far away with their brothers; think, if you were to marry."

"I will never marry," said the young man, determinedly.

"You will marry!" she exclaimed with vehemence, lifting at last her face, and blazing out upon him. It was a very beautiful face, like a Southern flower. The long eye-lashes curled persistently on the soft glowing cheeks; the smooth white forehead gleamed through the angry

curls, and the large lustrous eyes flashed with contemptuous passion. They were strange, changing eyes, of that clear green and brown colour which darken and intensify with deep emotion.

"You will marry," she repeated, and the soft, childish voice hardened till it took a metallic ring. "I know so well the kind of woman you will marry; a soft ninny, without a mind or will of her own. Oh, yes," she continued, with a little defiant laugh; "I can fancy her so well. She will be very gentle, very amiable, very well behaved; she will never do or think anything *hors de règle*; never get you into any scrapes (poor Lotty said this last half-plaintively, she was always getting him into scrapes); she will echo your sentiments, and smile at your jokes, and be a feeble counterpart of yourself;" and then she ceased as suddenly as she had begun, bent her burning face over her work, and lifting a full-blown rose with hurried carelessness, shook its delicate leaves over the carpet.

"A most glowing description, Miss Charlotte," said Tom, scornfully; "and pray, when I marry this paragon, who are you going to marry?"

"Oh! I do not know yet," she said, "I know nothing about him but that he must be very rich."

"I wonder if I'll ever be very rich," mused the young man, half absently.

"Oh, most likely, twenty years hence," said Lotty. "You will come home then and marry?" she continued with eager irony. "Mary's baby will be just a good age for you then, and she will be sure to take you; she will be mercenary, like the rest of us."

"Do stop this jesting, Lotty, and leave these flowers," he said, half piteously; and, as she took no notice, he gave a little impatient kick to the basket of roses, upsetting them over the floor.

"You certainly are not made for a drawing-room, at least, for a small one," she said, crossly.

He answered humbly, "I beg your pardon, but you try my patience. Don't you see I must be going?" he continued, pointing to the mirror, where was reflected the busy pier, and the little steamer just arrived, and giving forth its stream of passengers.

"Why must you hurry so?" she asked.

"Because I must answer that letter by to-night's post, or the situation will be filled up," he answered.

"Then you have not yet accepted? Is it not decided?" she asked eagerly; and then, annoyed with herself for having betrayed interest, she added quickly, hardly well knowing what she said, "then why did you come up to-day and make all this fuss?"

The young man's face flushed, and he hesitated a moment and then said coldly and hardly quite truly, "I thought perhaps Mary would be at home; I would have liked her advice, and she is always kind and sympathetic."

Lotty rose and walked to the door, the round kitten-like figure striving to put on airs of dignity.

"Since it was Mary you came to see," she said, proudly and distinctly, though her voice quivered, "I am sorry to have detained you so long. I will go and seek her."

"No, you need not; you know she is out," said Tom, half afraid he had gone too far, and placing himself between her and the door. She stood for a moment undecided, and then in her heart not sorry to be forced to remain, she turned slowly to where the flowers lay. Silence reigned for some minutes, and then the first bell for the steamer rang.

"I may not be able to come again," he said in freezing tones; I will have a good deal to do. Will you say to Mary that I am very sorry not to have seen her. Good-bye."

"I will tell her," said Lotty, without looking up. "Good-bye."

He stood still with his hand on the door. Not a sound was to be heard but the shouting and bustle of the little steamer preparing to start. Their good angels watched anxiously, as for some minutes those two lives trembled on the verge of a perpetual separation, and when the last bell rang his hand turned the handle, and Lotty raised her eyes. Tender, penitent, beseeching, they met his gaze, and,

"Like torrents from a mountain source,  
They rushed into each other's arms."

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman who was endeavouring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give an account of himself." "Of course not," said the other; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

**WORMALD'S PILLS** are the BEST for all COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS,  
Boxes, 184d. and 2s. 9d.



## A W(HICKEY)D HYPOCRITE.

**I**NCOMPETENT judges, who never can tell  
How far vicious living will urge a man,  
Will ask, in a tone of uneasy surprise,  
"How came Mr. Hickey a clergyman?"

He had no good qualities—nay, we may say,  
He possessed every vice which can scourge a man;  
And yet 'tis a fact, indisputably clear,  
The bishop ordained him a clergyman!

Did he think that a new avocation would cleanse,  
Or from his ill-habits would purge a man?  
Or thought he the Church any gainer would be  
When he made Mr. Hickey a clergyman?

Or did he expect Mr. Hickey would be  
Upon Christian waters a surgy man?  
Or did Hickey promise to lead a new life,  
And be an exemplary clergyman?

Did he promise all ritualist doctrines to shun,  
And be an Established Liturgy man,  
That, by his example, his flock could be taught  
What they owed to an excellent clergyman?

Alas! is it possible ever to hide  
In conventional waistcoat of serge a man,  
Whom drunken debauches made so unfit,  
To wear the white stock of a clergyman?

Could our good bishop think that from rectitude's path  
Would never once turn or diverge a man  
Who lost place after place, both at home and abroad,  
By habits too gross for a clergyman?

From those vicious habits, which so hide the soul,  
Could anyone dream would emerge a man  
Who, by bishop or archbishop, ever could be  
Rendered whole by creating a clergyman?

If anything would, by publicity, bring,  
Of contempt, our dear church to the verge, a man  
That reproach would accomplish, whose titles were these—  
"Debauchee," "sot," "bully," and—"clergyman!"

And now, let him sink into chaos, well earned,  
I would not even grace with a dirge a man  
Who would even disgrace the title of "scamp,"  
To say nothing of that of—"a clergyman!"

## THE CORONER AND THE GUARDIANS.

**W**HEN will the City Coroner and our Poor Law Guardians come to see eye to eye? Mr. Herford has got it into his head that the Guardians are unkind to the paupers both before and after death; and those who know that gentleman don't need to be told that once a thing has got into his head it is no easy matter to get it out again. He says in so many words that "the unfortunate inmates" of the Workhouse occasionally swallow "spoons and other non-edibles," and complains that, death having done its work, he is not allowed to do his by sitting upon their bodies. In short, he alleges that the Guardians studiously keep him in the dark about much that he ought to know, that they begrudge him his fees, and that their conduct must be exposed. "The case I referred to," says Mr. Herford in a letter to Mr. Leppoc, "the case I referred to, where I was told that the surgeon had been complained of for his report to the Coroner, was that of a person who died from some intestinal derangement which the surgeon, though wanted to certify under some dog-Latin appellation as natural causes, and which, remarkable to relate, was found on the surgeon's dissection, by which his two guineas were well earned, to have been caused by a spoon which had been swallowed and so caused inflammation and death. How many spoons or other non-edibles have been swallowed by your unfortunate inmates, or other wrong-doing or neglect towards them has been cloaked by the practise you have now established, cannot be ascertained, but the public will, I think, consider that some inquiry is required to throw light on these extraordinary facts." In conclusion, the Coroner asks the Guardians "to give the number of deaths in the Workhouse during the last six years, and the number of inquests held, to let the public judge of their accuracy and fairness." It is too bad, surely, to deny the paupers the luxury of an inquest, especially when the coroner concerned is such a genial gentleman as Mr. Herford.

## THE THEATRES.

**A**T the Royal, *Janet Pride*, "the great Adelphi drama," has been given this week. It is a dismal, disappointing play; the hero is a drunken scoundrel, a forger, and thief, who drinks his wife's life away, and would have done the same by his infant child had not the wife's last act consigned it to the Foundling; the heroine, in whom we do find some little to interest us, sacrifices that little by falling in love with a silly buffoon; "Bernard" (Mr. Fisher) is the only other character material to the piece, and the only one which is consistent or pleasant. The liveliest incident is a "comic" song, sung by a convict (who immediately after commits murder), on the life of a felon. The act "A Court of Justice," that ends this strange, eventful history, is a caution. The prisoner at the bar, "Janet," addresses by turns witnesses, counsel, judge, jury, and even her lover, who is a spectator, and when the climax comes and she is declared innocent by the confession of her villain of a father, who has just shot himself, as we have been wound up neither to enthusiasm nor interest, we only rejoice at the curtain coming down to put an end to our and the players' misery. Mr. Billington's part is throughout played with care and discrimination. "Janet" by Miss Meyrick could not be in better hands, and Mr. Fisher's part, which we have already mentioned as the truly tolerable one, is uniformly well played. Throughout, the company do their utmost to make the best of a bad job, but the work is too much for them. It is extraordinary how such a play as this can so long have held possession of the stage.

**DR. LYNN'S ENTERTAINMENT.**—In the Free Trade Hall Dr. Lynn is giving an entertainment of a varied description—sleight of hand, optical delusion, spirit manifestations, table lifting, &c., being in the programme. The clever manner in which he produces globes of water, with live fish, from the most unlikely quarters, the passing of money and rings into eggs and tumblers, and several tricks of the same kind are admirably applauded by his delighted and "deluded" audiences. The singing marionettes form a distinctive feature in the entertainment, and the "cutting of a living man to pieces" tries the nerve of those who care to witness that remarkable operation. An evening with Dr. Lynn is most agreeably spent.

**KEITH'S CIRCUS.**—The entertainment provided at the above place of amusement for the present week cannot be said to uphold the vaunted excellence of the establishment. The "Chinese Fair" is the chief attraction; the performers, over seventy in number, are very well drilled, the dresses are good, and the whole pageant passes off without the slightest hitch. The remainder of the programme is composed of the usual tumbling, riding, and gymnastic feats, that do not call for any special comment.

**COOKE'S CIRCUS.**—A very commodious and elegantly-decorated building in Chepstow Street, Oxford Street, was opened on Monday night as a circus, by those well-known enterers the Brothers Cooke. It is no exaggeration to say that in promising a yearly equestrian season in Manchester Messrs. Cooke deserve well at the hands of all lovers of genuine amusements. The business of the "ring" has to some extent come to be looked upon as stale, flat, and unprofitable; but with Messrs. Cooke this will certainly not prove to be the case. A very varied company is engaged, and as most commendable attention is paid to the comfort of the audience, a visit to Messrs. Cooke must prove delightful. We reserve a detailed account of the performance until next week.

## WELL-BRED SITTERS.

**V**ISITORS to Messrs. Agnew's Galleries have now the opportunity of seeing one of the late Sir Edwin Landseer's celebrated works. It is entitled "Well-bred Sitters, that never say they are bored." The subject, as may readily be imagined, is drawn from the animal creation, and certainly the artist has given a "touch of nature" to his painting which is inimitable. We have three specimens of the brute creation, one a Newfoundland, another a ladies' terrier, and the third a sporting dog. We might almost say the expression in their countenances is "human," but, in order to avoid exaggeration, we will make a compromise and say it is "canine," which, perhaps, will be just without flattery. Everybody should take advantage of this opportunity to see the painting, which, we understand, is to be engraved.

**WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.**  
Pots, 12d. and 2s. 6d.

## SALE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

**P**AST Friday and Saturday evenings the members of the Sale Amateur Dramatic Club gave their opening entertainment of the season. The performances commenced each night with Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*. The scenery and the dresses were alike good. The veteran actress, Mrs. Bickerstaff, played "Mrs. Malaprop" excellently, and the other three female characters were fairly represented by Miss Toms as "Lydia Languish," Miss A. Villiers as "Julia Melville," and Miss E. Bennett as "Lucy." Of Mr. A. T. Forrest's "Sir Anthony Absolute" we must say that it was an absolute success. "Captain Absolute" was ably represented by Mr. R. Daniel. Mr. Pagden in the melancholy part of "Faulkland" was somewhat too stiff and solemn. The "Bob Acres" of Mr. Towle was very well acted, but he did a little too much of the harlequin business. Mr. A. Poole as "Sir Lucius O'Trigger" cannot be said to have kept up his reputation. Mr. J. H. Atkinson's "David" was really a fine piece of amateur acting. Mr. Rumsey made as much of his character of "Fag" as the small part would allow him. A farce entitled *My Turn Next* followed. At the conclusion of both plays the several actors and actresses were called before the curtain.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**H**ONOUR to whom honour is due! We now know the truth about the medal which was presented to Mark Addy by the Queen. Some of us had been simple enough to imagine that the nation was indebted to the Prime Minister for this masterly stroke of policy. Not at all. Mr. Charley, M.P., let the cat out of the bag in addressing his constituents on Monday night. "He must congratulate the electors of Salford," he said, "upon the distinguished honour which has been conferred by the Queen upon their fellow-townsmen, Mark Addy, at the instance of the Earl of Beaconsfield. The Albert Medal was never before given for similar gallantry—namely, saving lives on the river. The medal was founded in honour of the miners who rescued their fellow-miners in South Wales from a living death. A good deal of credit had been given to him for this honour having been conferred upon their fellow-townsmen, but the credit was entirely due to his honoured colleague, Colonel Walker." Need we add that this announcement was received with tremendous cheers? How pleasing to note that Colonel O. O. Walker, M.P., has at last done a deed which will hand his name down to posterity as one of the great men of this great land!

What can it mean? The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne are meeting with a right royal reception in Canada. One of the London papers publishes the following special telegram from Montreal:—"At the drawing-room to-night ladies in bad health may wear a square cut dress on forwarding a medical certificate; but dresses fastened to the throat are sternly prohibited." "A square cut dress?" "Dresses fastened to the throat?" What is it all about? Will some kind lady friend mercifully tell us?

An agriculturist of Missouri tells a story of his having corn thirty-three feet high, and expects the public to give ear to it.

A COUPLE of girls have opened a fashionable tailoring store in Boston.

"I LOVE you like anything," said a young gardener to his sweetheart, as he gently pressed her hand. "Ditto," said she, returning the pressure. The ardent lover, who was no scholar, was sorely puzzled to know the meaning of the word "ditto." The next day, being at work with his father, he said, "Father, what is the meaning of the word 'ditto'?" "Why," said the old man, "this 'ere's one cabbage head, aint it?" "Yes, father." "Well, that 'ere's ditto." "Drat it," ejaculated the son, "then she called me a cabbage head!"

CAN it be true? A report reaches us that Mr. Toole is to join Mr. Irving in the management of the Lyceum Theatre. With Irving in his best form one night, and Toole mimicking him the next night, the arrangement should be a brilliant triumph. But the *City Jackdaw* does not believe all he hears by a long way.

THERE can be no doubt as to our success in the war with Afghanistan. Lieutenant-General Sir George Lawrence has settled that point by informing us that General Sam Browne is his brother-in-law, and that the

Chamberlains are his personal friends. That being the case, he is sanguine of success. Could anyone desire more? Could the most sceptical wish for better proof? By the way, General Browne has only one arm, having lost the other in an engagement on the North-Western frontier years ago. Maimed men have won great victories for England before now.

WHAT a great trouble the North Pole is! But it is to be found at last. Commander Cheyne has been delivering a lecture on his proposed expedition to the North Pole. He said that when the ship had gone as far as possible, he proposed, with six sledges, to go over the ice a long distance, and then, by means of three balloons lashed to one another, he would try to get to the Pole. After making observations he would send back two of the balloons, and endeavour with the third to proceed to an inhabited part of Russia. This programme is precise enough. So the North Pole may look out!

## WANTED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

**S**IR,—I will not trouble you with many words. I have thought with your correspondent "H. B." that it is high time we had a Liberal evening paper. I cannot forget that all through the time of Mr. Jacob Bright's last appeal to the city, the Liberal (?) *Evening News* did not give him the least support, and from that time to this it has been no better. For myself, sooner than support the *Evening News*, I should take the *Mail*, as then I know I am buying a consistent party paper. Hoping, with your other correspondents, that you will push this matter on, I am, yours respectfully,  
T. O. E.  
Hightown.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

**S**IR,—I am quite of the same opinion as your correspondent "H. B." as to the desirability of a Liberal evening paper. It is very surprising that there has not been one started before, considering the great preponderance of Liberal opinion in Manchester. I did for some time subscribe to the *Evening News*, but became so disgusted with its vacillating conduct that I gave it up, and have since taken the *Mail*, which, whatever else it may lack, certainly does not lack the knowledge to which party it belongs, and it is amusing, if nothing more, to read its rabid utterances and furious diatribes day by day.—Yours respectfully,  
H. READE.  
Pendleton, Dec. 2, 1878.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

**S**IR,—It was with much pleasure that I read in your last issue a letter signed "H. B." in which the writer urged the necessity for the establishment of a Liberal evening paper. I am sure it would be a great success, both financially and as a means of spreading the good old principles for which our fathers had to fight so hard. If, as was suggested by one of your correspondents, our friend "Verax" could be induced to take the matter up, he would add another to the already long list of benefits which he has conferred on the Manchester public.—Yours truly,  
AARON KROPPER.  
Manchester, Dec. 2, 1878.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth. Here goes:—

- "W. C."—A completion of Charles Dickens's unfinished novel, "Edwin Drood," has been attempted; but we know neither the author nor the publisher.
- "D. J. M."—We know nothing of the advertisers; replies are called for, and are given up on production of the card supplied at the time of advertising.
- "A Liberal."—Mr. Disraeli was not in Parliament when Catholic emancipation was carried. He voted against all the other measures mentioned in your list.
- "A. E. M."—If you can prove misrepresentation you can recover damages, or take measures to set aside the purchase. You must ask a lawyer how to proceed.
- "Inquirer."—The dog license is an authority to the holder to keep a dog; therefore, if one dog dies or is disposed of, you may substitute another under the same license.
- "J. J."—The expenses allowed to witnesses in criminal cases vary with the distance, and to some extent with the position or occupation of the witness. You may ascertain the scale by applying to the clerk of the peace.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 81, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

**TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC** gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/4 and 2/6 of chemists.



DECEMBER 6, 1878.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

5

# The Patent Glass Veneer Company Limited.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES' ACTS, 1862, 1867, &amp; 1877.

CAPITAL, £25,000, in 5,000 Shares of £5 each, payable £2 on Application and £3 on Allotment.

PATRON—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

**DIRECTORS.**

Sir FRANCIS CHARLES KNOWLES, Bart., M.A., F.R.S., Mayfield, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Sir HENRY VALENTINE GOOLD, Bart., West Croydon, Surrey.

The Hon. JAMES TOBIN, 14, Alexander Square, South Kensington.

HUNTER STEPHENSON, Esq., 3, Newman's Court, Cornhill, London.

JAMES BUDD, Esq., 51, Wentworth Road, London.

SOLICITOR—JAMES EMMETT ROBSON, No. 7, Chapel Walks, Manchester.

BANKERS—THE UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER LIMITED. (London Agents—Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co.)

REGISTERED OFFICE—3, NEWMAN'S COURT, CORNHILL, LONDON.

**PROSPECTUS.**

The principal objects for which this Company has been established are:—

- To adopt and carry into effect a contract bearing date the 21st day of September, 1878, and made between James Budd of the one part, and Henry Norton as trustee for and on behalf of the Company of the other part, for the purchase for the sum of £20,000 of the Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, granted to the said James Budd, for an invention of "Improved methods of decorating glass to be used as a substitute for veneers."
- To manufacture make and sell the said decorated glass, and also panels, furniture, mouldings, and other articles of every description, into the composition or construction of which the said decorated glass shall enter either wholly or in part.

The above-mentioned contract is the only one entered into by the Company or the Promoters, Directors, or Trustees thereof, before the issue of this Prospectus, and together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and samples of the Glass Veneer can be seen and prospectuses, forms of application, and all further information obtained at the offices of the Company's Solicitor.

In the manufacture of high-class furniture, inlaid work and internal decorations, the most important element of cost consists in veneering ornamental woods upon common wood surfaces, and polishing such veneers. The expense of making, fixing, and polishing good veneers is so serious that numerous imitations and substitutes have from time to time been introduced, but without satisfactory results. One great objection to wood veneers is that each successive cleaning removes a certain amount of polish, and consequently repolishing is periodically rendered necessary. Moreover, expensive furniture, whether veneered or solid, is daily deteriorated by ordinary use, and frequently damaged by careless handling.

Mr. Budd's invention consists in the production of glass plates or panels covered on one side with an imitation of costly wood, inlaid work, or ornamental designs, while the uncovered side represents the polish. The glass veneer possesses the following advantages. A perfect imitation of any wood can be produced at less than half the cost of water veneers. It is more durable and more beautiful than polished wood. It retains an everlasting freshness and diffuses a brilliant light. It is not affected by extremes of heat, cold, or damp, gases, chemical, or other vapours or acids. It is suitable both for interior and exterior decorations, and for the ornamentation of furniture of every description, especially wainscots, cornices, sideboards, desks, counters, office fittings, doors, staircases, hall stands, dining-room tables, and in fact every article which now requires the use of costly woods. It can be used wherever any other veneer can be placed. It can be cleaned as frequently as desired without any injury, and cannot be damaged by ordinary use. For sanitary purposes it is unexcelled. For decorating the doors, walls, floors, and ceilings of carriages, cabins, saloons, houses, hotels, banks, churches, and public and private buildings of all kinds, it is unequalled. It can be cleaned with water in the

same manner as a window, and hence rooms and carriages covered with it can always be preserved perfectly free from damp and in a healthier state than those decorated with wood, paint, or paper. For inlaid work it so far surpasses ordinary veneers that no comparison can be drawn favourable to the old process, and designs may be produced which are quite impossible under the old system. It takes the place of and is in many respects superior to, fresco painting. Frescoes are always liable to crack, to be damaged by cleaning, or by damp or heat, and cannot be removed after having once been placed on a wall or ceiling. The Glass Veneer panels are fully equal in appearance to frescoes, they cannot be injured in any way, being practically indestructible, and they can be removed and used elsewhere. Few things are more provoking than a cracked ceiling, especially where a great outlay has been incurred in decorating it, and yet an uncracked ceiling is to-day a rarity. A ceiling covered with Glass Veneer cannot be cracked, it is superior in appearance to a painted ceiling, and moreover cannot be injured by the vapours or fumes from candles, lamps, or gas. Added to all this the panels can be removed without injury. The Glass Veneer cannot be stained by ink or other fluids, or by finger marks, or otherwise. For chess tables, signs, inlaid lettering, and marqueterie work the Glass Veneer is especially adapted. It can be used in the place of marble slabs in the construction of furniture, and while far cheaper than, and not so liable to breakage as, marble, is much superior to it in ornamentation.

The Glass Veneer is strongly recommended on account of its beauty, durability, cheapness, and cleanliness. It has an infinity of uses, it saves both time and labour, it never looks worn or second-hand, its lustre is lasting, and being practically indestructible, is the only veneer suitable for exterior decoration.

The cost of production of the Glass Veneer is considerably less than one-half the price of the commonest wood veneer. The necessary plant and machinery are comparatively trifling, and unskilled labour is principally employed. Extensive and remunerative orders are daily offered, and the manufacture and sale of the Glass Veneer can be commenced and proceeded with on a large scale immediately the capital of the company has been subscribed.

The directors point to the foregoing important facts, and have no hesitation in saying that a more genuine or more remunerative investment is seldom met with, and they look forward with the utmost confidence to a very large annual dividend upon the paid-up share capital of the Company.

The Glass Veneer has been largely used in the United States and in Canada for some years, and has given the most complete satisfaction. The Superintendent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company; The President of the United States Master Carbuilders' Association, and many other gentlemen have written to Mr. Budd in the highest terms of praise of his invention, and numerous American and Canadian newspapers have noticed it most favourably.

The purchase money to be paid for the invention and Letters Patent is £20,000, payable half in cash

and half in fully paid-up shares of the Company. £5,000, being the balance of the paid-up capital of the Company, is required for working expenses.

It should be stated that Mr. Budd has spent upwards of £16,000 and many years of his life in performing numerous costly experiments and so bringing his invention to its present high degree of perfection.

It is proposed to acquire in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns, premises suitable for the manufacture and sale of the Glass Veneer, and to keep in stock panels and made-up furniture of all kinds.

The Company has taken power to issue share warrants payable to bearer, which can be transferred without any deed, notice, or registration whatever.

A Form of Application for Shares is annexed. Should the shares applied for not be allotted, the deposit of £2 per share payable on application will be returned in full. Should a smaller number of shares be allotted than the number applied for, the amount of deposit in excess will be applied towards the payment due to allotment, and the balance (if any) be returned.

**THE PATENT GLASS VENEER COMPANY LIMITED.**

The Companies Acts, 1862, 1867, and 1877.

CAPITAL £25,000, in 5,000 Shares of £5 Each.

Form of Application for Shares.  
(To be retained by the Bankers.)

To the Directors of the above-named Company.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the credit of the Company at your bankers the sum of £..... being £2 per share on my application for..... shares of £5 each in your Company, I request you to allot to me that or any less number of the said shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same and to pay the balance in respect thereof, and to be registered as a member of the Company on the terms of the Memorandum and Articles of Association thereof.

Name in full.....  
Occupation.....  
Postal Address.....  
Date.....  
Signature.....

**THE PATENT GLASS VENEER COMPANY LIMITED.**

Banker's Receipt.

(To be signed and returned to the Applicant.)

Received this.....day of.....187.....from Mr.....the sum of £..... in respect of an application for.....shares in the above Company.  
£.....

N.B.—This may be forwarded entire to any Branch of the Union Bank of Manchester Limited; or to Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. The Banker's Receipt will be returned to the Applicant, and must be preserved in order to be exchanged in due time for share certificates.

CARTE DE VISITE PORTRAITS.

By a New Process, from 3s. 6d. per Doz. Life-sized Portraits (Oil, Water, or Crayon) Equally Cheap.

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## BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

CONTAINS three times the strength of ordinary Coffee, and is strongly recommended by the most eminent of the medical faculty as an agreeable, palatable, and medicinal beverage. See report of Dr. Hassall, M.D., author of "Food and its Adulterations," &c.; also, Otto Hehner, F.R.S., analyst. Sold by most respectable Grocers and Chemists, in 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. Tins. Wholesale in Manchester from W. Mather; and the Manufacturers; and Goodhall, Ackhouse, and Co., Leeds.

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By the Midland Railway Company's Route,  
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Will run as under:—  
Manchester (London Road), 9-15 a.m.; Stalybridge, 9-40 a.m.; Ashton (M. S. & L.), 9-44 a.m.; Guide Bridge, 9-50 a.m.; Hyde, 9-58 a.m.; Woodley, 9-42 a.m.; Marple, 9-50 a.m.; Hayfield, 8-30 a.m.; New Mills, 10-0 a.m.; arriving at London (St. Pancras), about 4-15 p.m.  
Returning from St. Pancras Station on FRIDAY December 13th, at 10-5 a.m., and Kentish Town at 10-10 a.m., and the Tickets will be available for returning by this train only.  
Children under Three years of age, Free; above Three and under Twelve, Half Fares. Luggage must be conveyed under the Passengers' own care, as the Company will not be responsible. Tickets are not transferable, and will be available for returning by this train only.  
Ten Minutes will be allowed at Derby Station for refreshments both in going and returning.  
JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.  
Derby, November, 1878.

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MORNING PERFORMANCES every Tuesday and Saturday, at Three. Children Half-price, except to the Body of the Hall.  
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24S. PER DOZEN.

The season of the year having arrived when light wines, so agreeable in warmer weather, give place to those of a more generous character, we beg to draw attention to the above wine. For years we have given great attention to keep up and improve its quality, and to those who require a delicate, clean-flavoured Sherry, free from spirit, we submit it with confidence, and ask comparison with wine usually sold at 30s.

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